

west of california

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west of california by tentativealien

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Summary:

To Richie Tozier, school was unbearably boring. He knows that he's not the only one that feels that way, because he ends up making friends over shared boredom. At first he thought having friends would change things, but school still succeeded in wasting his time, so he made it his own personal mission to spice things up and make school less dull.

A couple of years later he enters freshman year. He befriends Eddie Kaspbrak, who moved to Derry, Maine for his first year of high school, and together they learn that this year will be far more interesting than the last.

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Summary for the Chapter:

richie hangs out with eddie. richie freaks out. stan deals with richie.

It was early September. The leaves were starting to turn orange-red, the sky was a nice shade of dusty pink. Gloved fingers drummed the bike handlebars. Richie was thinking about Bill's house, how it was never quiet or still, when he realized that maybe he was going in the wrong direction the whole time.

He whipped his head around so fast he should've gotten whiplash, hitting the brakes on his bike and taking in his surroundings. This definitely wasn't Bill's neighborhood. For one, most of the houses on Bill's street were different, with various house structures and trim and wall colors.

Every house on this street was the same, down to the pristine fences and neatly trimmed yards. Each house had two floors and a porch and a window overlooking the street. Then, he noticed the figure. This spurred him into pedaling, pushing off the ground and biking towards the person. He shivered and wrapped his jacket tighter around himself. He biked faster until he was only two feet away from him.

The boy was half sitting half lying in the grass, looking up at the sky and minding his own business. There was a scab on his knee and a blade of grass touching his elbow. His hair was pushed away from his face, save for a few strands of hair in his forehead. His collar was bent, one of his shoelaces was left askew and then Richie's mind was narrowed down to that until he saw him and the moment was gone.

The moment was broken along with Richie's eardrums, apparently, because the boy had shrieked, a high-pitched girly shriek that even a five year old would laugh at. This probably signified that Richie acts like a five year old, because he didn't even bother to act like he wasn't laughing. He laughed so hard he almost fell off of his bike, despite knowing it wasn't even that funny. He got off the bike and

walked over to the boy, wheeling it along. Richie doesn't even flinch when he is subject to a swat on his leg, a look of visible annoyance on the other boy's face.

"I'm sorry," Richie says, out of breath and grinning. The boy did not return the same expression; in fact, they were like polar opposites, one was clean and tidy and scowling, the other grinning and messy and a little bit dirty and gross.

"I'm not," he mutters, standing up. He begins to walk to his house.

"Hey, wait!" Richie says. The boy turns around, rolling his eyes. "What?"

"You can't leave yet," he pleads. "How can I write sonnets to you unless you give me your name?"

He frowns. "I don't think that you need my name to write sonnets about me," he says.

"Smart, clever boy. But you can't run from me, little hobbit."

The other boy glares at him. "Are you calling me short? Because from where I'm at, there are no short stones to be thrown."

"I'm Richie," he says, sticking out a hand, frowning when he flinches. Too bad for him, the person he thought maybe would be a nice and interesting addition to his posse (Bill said not to call them that, to which he asked what else they should be called. Stan said being called Richie's friends would be nice, and Richie called him a square.) was actually boring.

"I'm leaving," he responds, which Richie ignores. "You are the best, and I shall keep you in my basement, and you will be mine." he says with a flourish, reaching out and looping an arm around his shoulders.

The other boy was looking at him with the time-to-run-from-the-weirdo look. "You're a creep. I'm not short, and the only place I'm going is my house," he glowers.

"I didn't hear any of that. my ears are plugged," he pauses, "With

love,” he says, watching the boy’s face turn red. “My name’s Eddie Kaspbrak.” he grumbled. “And I’m not gonna let you lock me up in a basement. I wouldn’t go into your house if it was the last place on earth, because I’m not dumb.” he continued, pushing Richie’s arm off.

“I’m not dumb, either,” Richie said. “I’m just funny,”

“There’s a fine line,” he mutters. “Why are you even here?”

He taps his chin thoughtfully. “Well, I was on my way to my friend Bill’s house, and I seem to have gotten lost on the way over. Would you be so kind as to tell me where I am?”

“This sounds like a setup,” he frowns. “But you’re currently at Sunflower Drive.”

He grins. “Thank you very much. As a thank you for providing me with such useful information, I am inviting you to join me in this little expedition,”

“And why would I do that?”

“Because, Eddie Kaspbrak, you seem like a jerk. However, unlike me, you are a jerk because that is the normal reaction to someone like me. A knee-jerk reaction.” He furrows his brow. “You’re only a jerk when you need to be, okay?”

“So you’re saying I should go with you to a stranger’s house because I’m a jerk?”

“No, I mean- you’re not a jerk. You seem like a nice person.”

Eddie laughs. “How do you know that?”

He shrugs. “I just know.”

Then Eddie starts to stare at him with a weird look on his face. After it’s been a little over a few seconds, Richie decides it’s awkward and he starts to speak again.

“Come on,” he insists, “This is a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity. I think,” he says.

“Rebelling my own mother,” Eddie says, tapping his foot on the ground. “Better late than never, I guess,”

“Cool.” he says.

“Is this like Heathers where next I, like, kill you? Or you kill me. Or your boyfriend kills me, or my boyfriend kills you, or...”

“Pretty sure Veronica wasn’t gay for Heather, but hey. You never know,” he winks at him. Or at least tries to.

“I’m not gay,” he mutters defensively.

“I’m not gay, either,” he says, “But we have to get married, Eddie Kaspbrak. Do you really want to inflict irreversible damage upon our children? They’ll find out that the reason why Mommy and Daddy have different last names is because Mommy doesn’t love Daddy.”

“Mommy doesn’t... oh Jesus.” He puts his hands up to his face. “Why am I the mommy?”

“You are small, and soft,” he pauses, “you are squishy.”

He chokes. “*Squishy*? Are you calling me fat? What the fuck?” Richie ignores his sputtering and puts his arm around Eddie’s shoulders, his grin back in full force. “We’re going to be best friends,”